



It's Just a Feeling by Orange Pens and Messy Hands

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Summary: "She can't talk well. That's not really a surprise, to be honest. Considering where she's been, what she's done." El may not have the best vocabulary, but Mike can still understand her. Mileven. One-shot.

It's Just a Feeling

I'm back! With another upload. Isn't that fun? I hope it is anyway. I've been fiddling with this idea for soooo long because in my original idea, it was just about how well Mike could understand El's expressions and stuff but now I feel a shared *connection* is waaay cooler. Anyway, I wanna continue the Words of the Day but I NEED MORE WORDS. Like there's millions of words in the english language but it's hard to think of ones that'll lead to a funny one-shot or something like that. Oh well I guess I'll read a dictionary or something. ANyways, hope you all enjoy!

Words w/out AN: 1391

Pairing(s): Mileven

I own nothing.

It's Just a Feeling

She can't talk well.

That's not really a surprise, to be honest. Considering where she's been, what she's done, she hasn't had much time to learn. People might call her stupid, since she can't read or write well, some people might think she's lazy for not learning by now. But other people, the ones who know her, or take the time to know her, can fully understand what she says.

Eleven has done a *lot* of crazy things.

For starters she's saved the world. Not many people can do that. Not many *kids* could do that. But *she* did. She persevered and saved the world, with the help from her friends, her family. That's not the only thing she's done, though. She's done *so* much more. From something as significant as killing an evil monster that kidnapped her friend, to something as little as being a friend for the boys when they needed her most. It was at that moment, surrounded by the ones she loves,

that she could relax. Because, even though she's done a lot of good, her past is filled with a lot of bad. And for all the abilities she *does* have, she's never been able to take a break.

Eleven has experienced a *lot* of crazy things.

Not just crazy things. Weird things, horrible things, terrible things, *stranger* things. All of Eleven's life has been a cruel horror story. From being abducted from birth, to being experimented on for eleven years, to being in hiding for one. She's seen her own *mother*, in a permanent state of nothing, her consciousness taken away by the bad men. Because even though Eleven's done a lot of good, a lot of *bad* has happened to her.

So yeah, she can't talk well. She hasn't really had the time to learn. In Eleven's years of being alive, she's figured out a new way of communicating. A *different* way of communicating.

O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O

To Mike, El can speak just fine.

He can understand everything she does. He can understand why she does it. He's able to always figure out whatever she needs, with very little need for *actual* words. Sure, he knows her vocabulary isn't *that* diverse. But Mike genuinely thinks it doesn't need to be *that* big to convey the same message. Mike can mainly understand her just by a *feeling*. It sounds weird but it's true. He just gets a weird pull in his gut, and he immediately knows it has something to do with El. Sometimes it requires a bit of thinking on his end but he can understand whatever emotion El is feeling, with this pull in his gut.

Mike remembered the first time it happened.

El was at his house. They were both eating Eggos for dinner, watching T.V in his basement. It was pretty much a perfect night. Mike was able to spend time with El, El was able to eat Eggos. It was a win-win for both of them. Although, spending time with Mike was a plus too, El thought. El had just taken her plate of Eggos downstairs.

His had just popped out of the toaster and he'd follow her down soon. He quickly grabbed his Eggos and threw them on the plate. He'd forgotten they were still hot, but managed to not burn himself. He was just about to take the first step down the stairs when his stomach lurched. It pulled him in the direction he'd just come from. Mike was kinda freaking out. He wasn't sure if he was going to throw up, if he was going to die. But once Mike settled at the top of the stairs again, the feeling settled. It was still there, silently tugging him towards the kitchen. Mike wasn't sure if tugging was the right word. His stomach never actually *pulled* him anywhere, but Mike could feel, at the base of his gut, which direction was the *wrong* direction. And right now, it was telling him the basement, where *El* was, was the wrong direction.

This made Mike worry.

Was El in trouble? Did she need his help? He wanted to quickly rush to her but his gut was telling him otherwise. He took a look at where this feeling *wanted* him to go. He casually glanced around the kitchen. There wasn't much. Just a couple dirty dishes in the sink, a towel neatly folded on the counter. He looked over to the table and his internal senses, this *feeling*, went crazy. On the table, was an unopened bottle of maple syrup.

That's a bit weird, Mike thought. He's craving maple syrup *that* much that it's caused some sort of sixth sense for it? But there wasn't really any other explanation, because when he went and picked it up, the feeling in his stomach immediately started to fade away.

Weird, but *definitely* not the weirdest thing that's happened.

He headed downstairs, plate *and* syrup in hand. But the first thing he saw, was a disappointed El. And that's when Mike knew that *feeling* wasn't for him. It was for El. He had somehow developed a *spidey-sense* for whenever El was in distress. Or maybe it only worked when she wanted maple syrup, Mike doubted that though. Mike was slightly confused on how *he* was able to develop that ability, considering *El* was the one with powers. But Mike decided not to question it. It's better he's just able to help her whenever he can since she's done *so* much more for him.

He looked down at her from the middle of the stairs.

Her mouth was shaped into a frown and her eyebrows were scrunched together. She was staring intently at her Eggos, and then switched to looking around the room. She hadn't noticed him standing there, since she was still frantically searching the tabletops for something. Mike knew now that what she was searching for was maple syrup, considering she hadn't even touched her Eggos yet, and every other glance was from her Eggos, to some spot on a table, and back to her Eggos again.

Mike cleared his throat. El's wide eyes darted to him. Her mouth was half open ready to say something when it abruptly shut as her eyes focused on the bottle of maple syrup Mike was shaking in his hand. Her facial features instantly relaxed and a smile creeped its way onto her face. Her eyes glazed with mirth as she was now fully grinning at Mike. he walked over to her and handed her the bottle.

"Thank you so much." El kindly said, snatching the bottle. She gave him a quick kiss to display her appreciation. "How did you know I needed this?"

Mike glanced at her, a mischievous smile forming on his face. "Oh, it was just a feeling."

O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O

The *feeling* was something completely new to Mike and Eleven. Eleven was used to the feeling by now, considering she's had all of her life to become familiar with it, after all she gets different feelings depending on which power she's using. While Mike is only just starting out. It still sometimes freaks Mike out. Not knowing whether or not El needs something, or if she's in danger. Thanks to practice though, Mike has gotten pretty good at distinguishing the different feelings. From whether El is hungry, or she's tired, or his personal favourite, she just *misses* him.

El has a feeling to. She calls it her *Mike* feeling. She uses it to see how Mike is doing. To see if he's safe, or even if she just misses him, she'll use it to see him again. Sometimes, when she's thinking about Mike, she can simply feel how he feels, Eleven isn't sure how it works. But

she's pretty sure it goes both ways.

So yeah, El can't talk very well. She's been too busy saving the world and stuff to learn. But to Mike, he can understand her without even needing to hear her. He doesn't *need* her to learn to speak well. He has an emotional (and very mystical) bond with her that makes him feel *even* more connected with her.

Because after all, it's just a feeling. *Their* feeling.